



SPAM-A-LOT



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Chapter 1 by Unkie

It was a dark and stormy night my friend on a shelf in an old food mart. There was a small can that sat on a grocery shelf. It was always pushed to the back, out of sight, out of mind. Alone and forgotten, the little can sat there so long that it bloated and finally exploded in a lump. It started crawling over to the refrigerated meat section and parked itself between the chicken and the ham where it started growing.

A butcher on vacation stopped by the store for milk and noticed the little fellow. "we hello there, little buddy. I'm gonna take you home with me". "I will name you Spam and put you in my butcher shoppe in Atlanta" "those shoppers are so dumb that they won't know the difference between you and regular ham".

Chapter 2 by Grasshopper



He put me in the car seat and strapped me in tight. We drove for three hours in the middle of the night.

I was so excited to make new friends, but I didn't know that the butcher had other plans.

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